

5th MARCH
1988

Dick

No. 53

30p

MEET
PETE and his **PIMPLE**
INSIDE!

HEY, READER!
Are you plagued by
pimples, acne, & boils?
(TOUGH LUCK, SPOTTY?)

EVERY FRIDAY

AUSTRALIA \$1.00
NEW ZEALAND \$1.20
(Inc. G.S.T.)
MALAYSIA \$1.90.

OOER!!

THIS ZANY ZIT ON MY NOSE
IS GROWING SO HUGE, IT'S
SQUEEZING EVERYTHING
ELSE OFF THE COVER!

GRUNTS

THE PAGE FOR PIG-PAIS THAT PULLS NO PUNCHES!

OINK!, P.O. Box 35, Hyde, Cheshire, SK14 5NB, England.

BUTCHERWATCH MEGA-ALERT!!



Brilliant Butcher-buster **Peter Hughes** has actually tracked down one of Jimmy "The Cleaver" Smith's butcher-shop headquarters! Let's hope Jimmy doesn't track down Peter! Pig-pals should trot very carefully until Jimmy is caught! Watch out for a Butcherwatch update from bacon-booster **BANK** soon!!!

DARE YOU WRITE IN?
A PIGGY PRIZE FOR
EVERY LETTER PRINTED!

PIG-PACK MEMBER No.
7343
WRITE TO UNCLE
PIGG TO CLAIM
A PIGGY PRIZE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WHEN YOU WRITE

My favourite features in
this issue of Oink!
are...

1
2
3
I dislike 5

SWINE STARS!



PIGGIN' HECK!!
THIS PAGE IS SO
HAM-PACKED WITH
CRAZY CONTRIBUTIONS
FROM YOU LOONY-
LETTER WRITERS THAT
I CAN BARELY SQUEEZE
IN TO SAY HELLO!
TALK ABOUT
PRESSED PORK!!



PORKY POLITICIANS

by Susannah Burden
of Baintree
MARGARET BUTCHER



PHILATELIC SERVICES
David Williams, York Telephone 0191 4750
GET YOURS NOW!

STAMP QUIZ
DO YOU KNOW?

1. What Country paid 127,000 for its stamps?
2. What the "TWOY BLACK" in face stamp?
3. On what stamp was "GOD" on the face?
4. On what stamp was "GOD" on the face?

PRIZES: We will send you 25 stamp prizes free for each correct answer. The prize for the most correct answers is £100. See the full details in the back of the magazine. The prize for the most correct answers is £100. See the full details in the back of the magazine. The prize for the most correct answers is £100. See the full details in the back of the magazine.

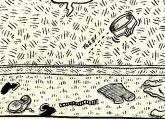
INVISIBLE CHARLIE!



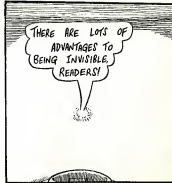
YOU CAN HELP YOURSELF TO
SECONDS AT SCHOOL DINNERS.



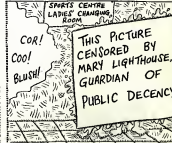
YOU HAVE TO TAKE
ALL YOUR CLOTHES
OFF!



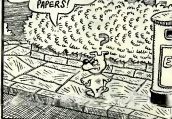
SO! ONE DISADVANTAGE
OF BEING INVISIBLE...
IS THAT YOUR
CLOTHES GETTING CAUGHT OUT
IN BAD WEATHER! COME WITH
NO CLOTHES ON! ARIE!!



YOU CAN GO PLACES YOU'RE NOT
SUPPOSED TO.



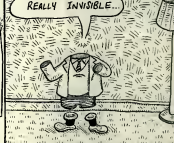
NOW TO SNEAK ROUND TO
MY HEADMASTER'S HOUSE
AND HAVE A LOOK AT
NEXT WEEK'S EXAM
PAPERS!



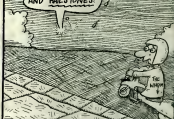
THERE'S ANOTHER DISADVANTAGE TO
BEING INVISIBLE...



...TROUBLE IS, TO BE
REALLY INVISIBLE.



BUT, SOON...



TINY TOTS' TV

BY: VAUGHAN BRUNT.

FOLLOWING
THE SUCCESS
OF THE
"MOPPET BABIES",
THE TV
COMPANIES
HAVE DECIDED
TO
COME UP WITH
SOME OTHER
PRE-TEENS
PILOT
PROGS.

THE "LEADENDERS
BABIES" IN WHICH DIRTY
DEN EARNES HIS NAME
BY READING "TO BE
POTTY TRAINED!"



THE "PRICES ARE RIGHT BABIES" IN WHICH THE AUDIENCE SCREAMS
AND SHOUT LINE ONE YEAR OLDS!
(NO DIFFERENT FROM NORMAL
REALLY)



"QUESTIONS TIME BABIES" SIR ROBIN BABY-SITS FOR FAMOUS
FOUR-LIMBS AND KEEPS THE HIBS
AMUSED BY DOING FUNNY THINGS
WITH HIS BOWTIE!



"MATCHES OF THE DAY BABIES" TWO YOUNG
TEAMS BATTLE IT OUT IN THE
FINAL OF
THE "WALK (AND RUBB) CUP!"



"WEATHER FORECAST
BABIES"



"TOPS OF THE POPS BABIES" FEATURING:
EASY GEORGE!
THE BEAUTIFUL BABIES! AND:
PAUL EXTREMELY YOUNG!



**BRIAN
BUCK**



I'M GOING TO BE THICK!



WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU CAN'T
POSSIBLY TELL WHEN YOU'RE
GOING TO BE THICK? STUPID!



THORRY!



FIND WHERE YOU
BURIED GRANDAD,
ROVER!



I AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A
HOUND-DOG,
YEAR!



IT'S
DOES
WORLD



LITTER

CAN YOU CURE Pete's Pimple?  **SEND YOUR IDEAS TO:** PETE'S PIMPLE, OINK!, P.O. BOX 35, HYDE, CHESHIRE SK14 5NE.  IF YOUR SUGGESTION IS USED YOU'LL WIN A MYSTERY PIGGY PRIZE! SO DON'T DELAY - SEND A ZIT CURE TODAY!

frank's showbiz diary+

saturday 5th march: i'm on bbe radio 2, at 9pm. i'm also on london fm, at 10pm. i'm running 6th march's smokebusters again - down at covent garden 10am-11pm. i'm on "730" on itv between 9-10pm, till 11pm on radio computer links up with the mike wedding show on tfm. i support jonathan richman at a night-time concert at london's town and country club.

sunday 7th march: shopping for my mum in tip.

tuesday 8th march: indie time! link up/piccadilly

rest of week: work on my robot in my shed.

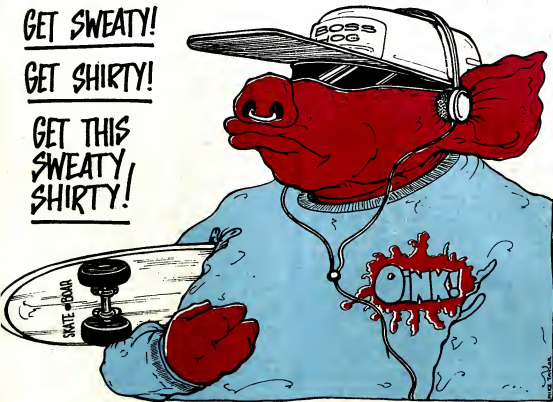
attention pop stars with mustaches i.e. freddie mercury...and also ones without like paul and linda mcartney...and inbetween i.e. midge ure, i am willing to pay 10p in new money if you will do an interview for "ink". 061-964-1909

BE A HIP HOG WITH THIS SWILL SWEAT SHIRT!

GET SWEATY!

GET SHIRTY!

GET THIS
SWEATY,
SHIRTY!



Yo! Hip Hogs! Get smart with this swine-ishy stylish sweat-shirt. Splashed in porky-pink with the 'designer' Oink! logo, this fab gear is 100% piggy perfect. It's cool for cats, dogs, hamsters and any other pets you want to buy one for! This exclusive item cannot be bought elsewhere, so raid your piggy banks and send your money along in a stamped addressed envelope to me at:

**SWEAT-SHIRT OFFER,
OINK! CLUB,
99, CHURCH STREET,
TEWKESBURY,
GLOUCESTERSHIRE,
GL20 5RS.**

* SEND
POSTAL
ORDERS
IF YOU WANT
EXTRA-FAST
DELIVERY!

PRICES

Adults: £14.99 (£13.99 for Pig Pack members)
Children: £10.99 (£9.99 for Pig Pack members)

Name _____
Address _____
Number of shirts required
Childrens _____ Adults _____
State chest size —
Childrens 28" or 32" _____
Adults 36" 40" or 44" _____
State if Pig Pack member (Yes or No) _____
If yes, state membership number _____
State whether cheque or postal order _____
Cheques and postal orders to be made payable to 'The Oink! Club'.
Amount enclosed _____

Uncle Piggy regrets that this offer is not available to readers in Eire and overseas.

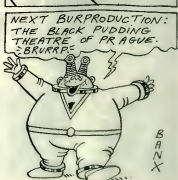
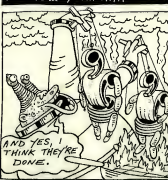
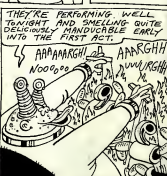
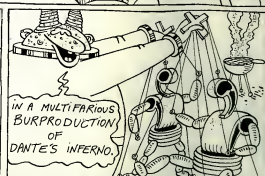
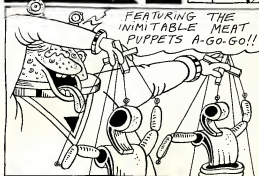
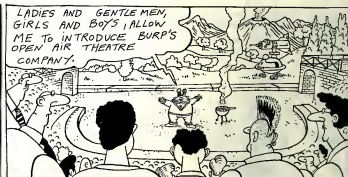
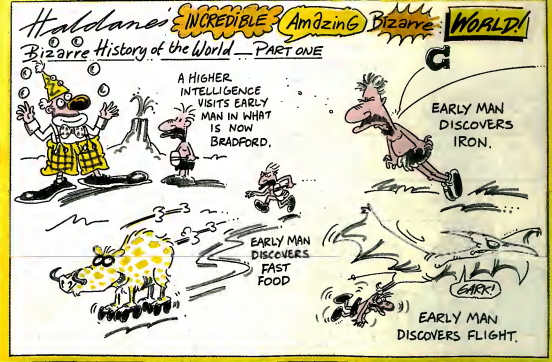


ILLUSTRATION BY MATT 2013



CAREERS ADVICE FROM THE GBH ADVISORY SERVICE

SO YOU WANNA BE... A BRAIN SURGEON?

What you will need:

1. Steady hands.
2. A good knowledge of anatomy.
3. A dirty great big chopper, like what butchers use.

What you will also need:



1. Maths 'O' Level.
2. A strong stomach.
3. Lots of spare butchers' heads to practice on.

Unfortunately, it is illegal to practice brain surgery with cows in licenced. Fortunately, a licenced in animal brain surgery from GBH Documents Ltd for only £99.014 plus postage and packing. Unfortunately, this licence is just a grossy bit of too paper with "Brene senjoh's licenz" written on it on felt tip. Fortunately, once we receive your money we will flee the country so you won't be able to sue us.

BRAIN SURGERY - THE BASIC PROCEDURE:

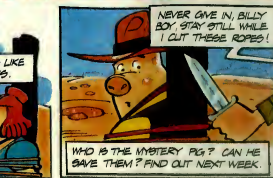
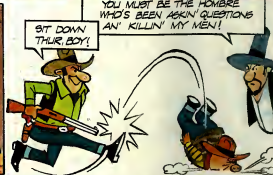
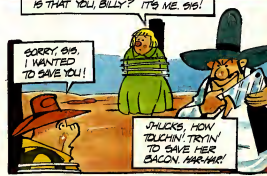
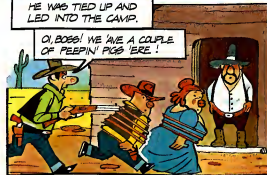
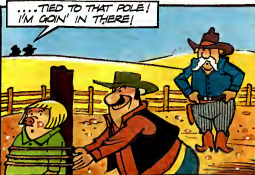
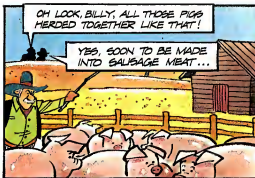
1. Select your patient (available at any butcher's shop).
2. Apply anaesthetic (insect socks held over victim's face for two minutes).
3. Perform operation successfully.
4. Charge patient huge amount of money.

Easy, eh? But just in case this doesn't work out for you, there'll be more advice in CHINK! soon (e.g. how to break out of jail).

11

Billy the Pig



TOM THUG

ANOTHER ADVENTURE BY THUNDERBOLT AND LIGHTNING

GOODNESS ME, TOMMY! WHY DID YOU START A DIARY OR SOMETHING TO KEEP YOU OUT OF MISCHIEF?

NO FRANKS! I WANT SOMETHING TO WRITE IN ALL DAY JUST FOR A FEW BOTTLES O' MILK!

I SAID A DIARY! NOT A DIARY! YOU SHOULD WRITE IN A BOOK TO RECORD THE DAYS EVENTS!

SOUNDS O.K. TO ME! BENT AN 'ARD BOLD LINE NOT I WANT MY DIARY IS BOUND TO BE A BIG-BOY-BLOCK FULL OF INTERESTING THINGS. I'LL START STRAIGHT AWAY...

JUST AS SOON AS I REMEMBERED 'OW A CANYON WORKS!

Me DIARY bi tom (Hug)

SATURDAY - I BEET UP BIG BEVING BENSON AN MADE IS SAVAGE DOG RUN A MILE IN FEER.



SUNDAY - WOT A DAY! WENT ROUND SMASHIN EVERYFING AN EVERYBODY! TERROR OF THE ESCAPE! Nobody SAFE WIV ME ABOUT!



MUNDAY - ORL THE GIRLS IN SKOOL TOTALLY MAD ABOUT ME. FILLIN OVER EACH UNVER TER KISS ME!



TUESDAY - WUN THE 100 MEETERS AT SKOOL, COS NO UNVER KIDS AS FIT AS WOT I AM!



WEDNESDAY - WOT TURNED OUT TODAY WUZ TOO ORRIBLE TOO MENSHAN!



BUT TOM'S DIARY TENDS TO EXAGGERATE A LITTLE. HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED...



HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED - TOM STAYED IN BEDGARD IN HIS RAINING, AND PLAYED WITH HIS TEDDY BEAR!



HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED - YOU WANT? WHO'D GO OUT WITH A TRUCK THUG LIKE YOU?



HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED - TOM HAD TO RACE TO THE NEAREST LOO AFTER EATING A CUNNY FOR LUNCH!



HERE'S WHAT REALLY HAPPENED - AN NO! WHO USED HIS DIARY TO LINE THE CAT'S LITTER TRAY?



TRANSFORMING

TRACEY

SHE CAN TURN INTO ANYTHING SHE LIKES!

YOU SHOULD USE ME! LOOK! I CAN REALLY PLAY ANY PART! WATCH - HERE I'M A WITCH FROM "MACBETH"!



OH GOODY! A SCHOOL PLAY! I'LL GO TO THE AUDITIONS!



SO...

NEXT!



UH... IT'S ME, TRACEY.



AND HERE I'M "YORICK" ... FROM "HAMLET"!



AND THAT'S NOT ALL I CAN DO... JUST LOOK AT THIS...



I CAN PLAY TINKERBELL, QUASIMODO... ANYTHING AT ALL! IN FACT!



HMM... YES! I THINK WE'VE GOT A PART FOR YOU! YOU'RE IN!



AND SO THE NIGHT OF THE PLAY ARRIVED.



AND...



BAH! JUST MY LUCK! I GET TO PLAY THE SCENERY!



TWITTY TWITTY BANG BANG •THE MAGICAL CAR•

By Ian Phlegming

Once upon a time, there was a family called Potty. They were: Commander Potty, who was an inventor; his wife Lotty, and a pair of twins; Doris, who everybody called Dotty, and Boris, who everybody called Boris.

Now every morning, Commander Potty would vanish into his workshop, and every evening he would emerge after much hammering and clattering, with a new invention—like clockwork underpants, or roller-skates with fish fastened to them instead of wheels, or devices for sharpening mushrooms.

Not surprisingly, Commander Potty's inventions were not very successful, and his neighbours would call him "Commander Crackpot" or "that gibbering loony at no. 37". Sometimes Dotty and Boris would wonder why he didn't get himself a proper job or go on the dole like any normal father, but they never said anything.

One day, whilst trying to invent a string frying pan, Commander Potty accidentally made some small, round sweets, which he gave to the twins to try. Now they tasted just like ordinary boiled sweets until the children blew on them, and found that they could play a whistly tune because the sweets had rotted holes in all their teeth.

Commander Potty took his invention to a huge, multinational confectionery company, who gave him a handful of loose change, told him to sign at the bottom of a large page of very small print, and then threatened to thump him unless he left the premises immediately.

Now Commander Potty couldn't really afford it, but he was feeling pleased with himself at having sold an invention, and he decided to buy a motor car. He went to an old tumbledown garage, and he saw an old tumbledown car in the corner. It had big, sad foglights, and the leopardskin seat covers were all ripped. But the garage owner said it had been owned by a little old lady, and there was something honest about his gold teeth and sheepskin jacket, so Commander Potty bought the car and had it towed to his workshop.

Commander Potty worked on that car night and day for the next three months. The lights were always on in his workshop, smoke billowed from his little chimney, and there were always hammering and sawing sounds, so the neighbours had the noise abatement people and the smokeless zone people round, and had Commander Potty arrested.

Eventually, however, the car was ready, and Commander Potty wheeled it out of his workshop. The paintwork was polished and gleaming, the chrome glistened in the sun. The great nine-cylinder 14-litre engine chugged away under the long bonnet, and glorious clouds of blue smoke billowed out of the huge fishtail exhausts, choking the cat and killing all the plants in Lotty's vegetable garden. Everyone gasped in admiration.

"Come on, everyone," said Commander Potty. "Let's take her out for a spin!" However, there were so many roadworks on the motorway, that the wonderful car was caught up in traffic jams for mile after mile. Boris noticed a light glowing on the end of one of the knobs on the dashboard. "Pull me" it said.

Now, Commander Potty didn't know what the knob was for, but he pulled it all the same... and do you know what happened? Yes... because it was a British car, the knob broke off in his hand. But then something strange began to happen. The midguards turned outwards and became wings, and the radiator hinged down to reveal a huge propeller on the front of the car. Sure enough... the car had become... an AEROPLANE!



The Pottys soared into the air above all the traffic jams, and headed out towards the coast at last, and at the nearby Radar early warning station, a bright red light started flashing on a screen, and a couple of heat-seeking missiles were launched.

"What a magical car this is," said Commander Potty. "We really ought to have a name for it."

"But what should we call it?" wondered Lotty.

"Listen!" said the twins "the car is telling us!"

And sure enough, when they listened to the exhaust note, they could hear the magical car telling them its name.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said the magical car.

"Twitty... Twitty..." said Commander Potty.

"Bang! Bang!" said the missiles.

Next week—Commander Potty invents a parachute made out of a car seat, and Lotty, Dotty and Boris learn all about hospital food.

THE END.

frank sidebottom's more ace than little frank's competition!

hello 'bink' readers...frank here!
now;...back in issue 51, little frank
ran a bobbins competition...so i have
now done a "more ace than little frank's
competition" which is much more ace!
all you have to do is spot the difference
between photo 2 and photo 1, then write
your funniest answer on a postcard and
send it to—"frank's more ace comp", c/o
oink, p.o. box 35, hyde, sk14 5nb, u.k.



and the 10 entries
that make me laugh
most will win one of
my "fantastic tales"
cassettes with an
hour's worth of....
"fantastic tales"



HORACE (ugly Face) WATKINS

FOUR OF THE VERY CLEVEREST DOCTORS GATHERED AROUND A VERY UNUSUAL PATIENT...

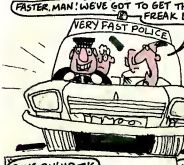
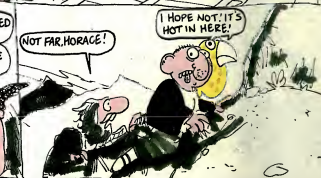
HORACE WATKINS, NOW WITH TWO HEADS AFTER HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE RADIATION MONSTER...

WE'LL HAVE TO AMPUTATE! IT WILL BE A UNIQUE OPERATION AND WE CAN KEEP THE HEAD FOR FUTURE REFERENCE...

NO, YOU CAN'T!



HE CAN CERTAINLY TALK, MILDRED! ALMOST HUMAN!



CAN HORACE FIND THE POOL OF SHRINKING HEADS OR WILL THE DOCTORS FIND HIM? TO BE CONTINUED...

FOR A DEFINITELY DIFFERENT HOLIDAY EXPERIENCE... COME TO

OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

JEWEL OF THE PORKSHIRE RIVERA

Planes always available at the local GBH SP ANTENS Holiday Camp. Regular "Septic Tankville Express" to South and back takes just 2½ hours. Complains, and get FREE entry to our nobbled knees competition. Our chef used to work on the Q&A - and his 4-Star food is cooked in the same oil that he used them as a solder-solder. The kitchens have been extensively re-fitted after last year's accident, and "Bumble Surprise" is no longer on the menu.

Top Class Variety Acts are the hallmark of Outlet theatres. This year we have had Russ Abbot, and next year we hope to book a comedian.

More than 2 yards of unspoilt coastline - [but we have got outline planning permission for an amusement arcade.]

Wonder about our fascinating rockpools. Discover limpets, shells, and other unexploded World War II hardware.

Outlet is steeped in tradition. Our rustic mermaid dancers, the "meds" and "rockers", have a quaint "cuddle" every weekend. Don't forget your camera - or a pair of crutches!

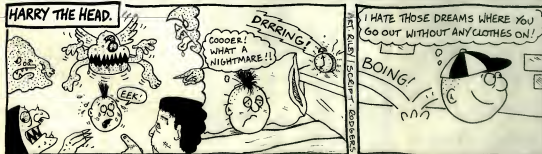
There's always plenty to do at Outlet! Dig seagulls out of oily sludge, take a pedalo trip round the wreck of the nuclear waste tanker in the bay, or even go white water surfing on the South beach. (Also green, brown, hemicious purple-water surfing past the coalfield near the chemical works.)

THERE'S SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE AT OUTLET-BY-THE-SEA!

(But you can usually get an injection for it).
Send for our full colour (black) brochure.
The Tourist Office, The Town Hall,
Developer's Pocket, Outlet-by-the-Sea,
(near M48 Belling) Backender, Porkshire.

Stay at the GBH Multi-story Caravan Park, or at any of our traditional seaside bed 'n' breakfast lodgings (£295.00 per night including bed and breakfast). Stay-Up evening meal thrown in! Or brought on a plate for a small surcharge.

Gobby Davies will be in Outlet for just one day, with the Radio Wren Readshow, but that still leaves 305 days when he won't be here, so please don't let that stop you coming.



HOURS OF STEAMING GOOD FUN! With ... GBH MODELLING CLAY!



Now available in a dazzling rainbow of colours!
Choose from BROWN, BRUNETTE, SORREL, DUN, DUNG,
KHAKI, KHAZI, RIVER AIRE

**SEND NOW for a BIG VALUE 6
GALLON BUCKET - only £937.36**

GBH MODELLING CLAY Co., COWSA NOSTRA DAIRY FARMS (WILK-
Treacherous Lane, Cowper Country - (near MAULRECHTER) P.O. CIPS

GREAT MERRIMENT GUARANTEED
(For US with your CASH!)

(IF YOU DON'T LAUGH LIKE A DRAIN - at least you'll smell
like one).

Just some of the models you could create!
(If you can stand the whiff!)



FREE PEG!

[Our managing director's missus -
who is currently doing a 5-stretch far fraud]

Nose clips - £3,694.37

WALLY of the WEST

WHY DO COYOTES HOWL
AT NIGHT, FUNGUS?
OOOOWWWW!



I KNOW WHY THIS
ONE'S HOWLING!

OH, YEAH?



YEAH! OOOOWWWW!



DOCTOR
MOONEY
HE'S
COMPLETELY
LOONY!

PLEASE HELP ME, DOC! Y'SEE,
(I'M PIGEON-TOED!!)



O.K. ROLL UP YOUR
TROUSERS AND TAKE
YOUR SHOES AND
SOCKS OFF!

SEE? THEY'RE TERRIBLE!
CAN YOU GIVE ME
ANYTHING FOR 'EM?



CERTAINLY!!

...DROP THIS OFF AT THE POST-
OFFICE ON YOUR WAY HOME...



GREAT MOMENTS IN
PUBLISHING PART 1.

THE 50
YEARS OF
THE DEANO
OFFICE PARTY!



HIP HIP...

...HOORAY!

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND HAND IT
TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

DEAR NEWSAGENT,
PLEASE RESERVE A COPY OF
"DINK" FOR ME EVERY WEEK.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Torture TWINS



I MUST SAY THIS
IS THE COMFiest
TORTURE I'VE EVER
HAD



YAAH!!!
POOINING!!



WE'LL
SOON
CHANGE
THAT!
HAR!
HAR!
HAR!



IGOR AND THE DOCTOR

HELLO, DOCTOR? DOCTOR
SPEAKING.



THIS IS THE MAYOR OF
THE VILLAGE.
ARE YOU VERY
BUSY DOCTOR?



NO, I'M IN THE
BASEMENT WITH
IGOR. WE'RE WATCHING
THE PRICE IS RIGHT ON
THE TELEVISION.



I WOULD LIKE TO SEE
YOU, IT'S URGENT.



OF COURSE,
COME ON
DOWN!



CUT-OUT DEAD FRED MASK!

Scare the pants off your pals! Make your friends' flesh creep with this dead good 'Dead Fred' mask!



STEP 1 - STICK ONTO THIN CARD.
STEP 2 - CUT AROUND DOTTED LINES.
STEP 3 - MAKE HOLES IN CHEEKS AND
PUSH STRING THROUGH.
STEP 4 - PUT ON MASK, THICKO !!!